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AN
E L E G Y
ON THE
D E A T H
OF THE
Rev. Mr T O P L A D Y.

By Rev. J. Wilkins

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THE ARTIST'S MUSEUM

[Faint text, possibly a signature or date]

AN
E L E G Y
ON THE
D E A T H
OF THE

K M J
Rev. A. M. TOPLADY, A. B.
Late Vicar of *Broad Hembury*, DEVON.

Religion melts in ev'ry holy Eye ;
All comfortless, afflicted, and forlorn
She sits on Earth, and weeps upon her Cross,
Weary of Man, and his detested Ways:
Ev'n now she seems to meditate her Flight,
And waft her Angels to the Thrones above.

N. ROWE.

L O N D O N :

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M DCC LXXVIII.

AN

E L F G Y

ON THE

D E A T H

OF THE

Rev. A. M. ADY, A.B.

late of the City of Boston.



BY THE

Committee on the
Affairs of the
City of Boston,
in answer to a
Resolution of the
Commons of the
Province of the
Massachusetts,
passed the 10th
of May, 1840.

Printed by

J. O. B. O. B.

at the City of Boston,
in the State of Massachusetts.

1840.

The Author of the following Poem was
~~in constant possession of the best part of his~~
~~whose advice was as Manna to his Soul~~
~~in the last moments of his life~~

in the last moments of his life, for he was as it were always
in God's presence, by whose holy spirit

P R E F A C E.

FROM various accounts in ancient History, we read, that on the Death of any great heathen Philosopher, his Pupils, in honour to the Sage, erected Altars, and built Temples sacred to his memory: If then the Heathens paid such deference to these their teachers in *Science* and *Morality*, how much more ought we to consecrate and immortalize the memory of those by whose instruction and example we are trained up in the paths of *Virtue*, and led to the knowledge of the *Christian Religion*, to worship the living GOD in *Spirit* and in *Truth*.

The

vi P R E F A C E.

The Author of the following Poem was a constant hearer of the late Mr *Toplady*, whose advice was as Manna to his Soul, and his kind instructions the sweetest balm in Life ; for he was as it were always in God's Presence, by whose holy Spirit he was in weakness enabled to display with power the glorious word of Truth, and bring many sinners unto repentance.

The respect he had for that great *Alcides* in the *Calvinistic* cause, for the defence of which he was so famous, has induced the author to employ the best efforts of his Pen in honour to his memory ; that men may be inspired with a due sense of Religion by following his exalted piety, and rest fully satisfied that there is no other way of attaining true felicity in this life, nor enjoying an eternal and uninterrupted state of bliss hereafter.

However the enemies of the doctrines of FREE GRACE may use every endeavour

deavour to infuse into the minds of their hearers that Mr *Toplady* seemed uneasy, in his latest hours, that he had so strenuously defended the *Calvinistic* principles (with some other things relating to his controversial writings, between him and his learned, though mistaken adversary; to whose sentiments *only* he died an enemy, though some misguided people have accused Mr *Toplady* of being so to his person) his *Dying Avowal* is sufficient to convince every candid reader, that he rejoiced even in his last moments that he had (in the hands of God) been a means to bring into contempt the pernicious doctrines of *Perfection* and *Free-will*; and in a manner stopped the progress of so great an evil, equally injurious to the souls of men, as hateful in the eyes of a dying SAVIOUR, whose blood alone can cleanse us from sin, and make us worthy to partake of those inestimable benefits prepared for all who believe in him, in his kingdom of Glory.

viii P R E F A C E.

He means not to kindle the flames of contention afresh, but modestly to set forth the true case of the parties alluded to, that no one may be too harsh in judging of either: Far be it from him a Youth of *Twenty* to arraign and condemn the person of a man of *Seventy*. At the same time, let those who think his principles are sound, follow his directions; while the writer is well grounded in, and zealously attached to, the Doctrines taught by the Deceased, whose pupil he was, and whose delightful instructions he hopes to pursue till death.

Bartholomew Cloie,
Sept. 4, 1778.

T. W.

E L E G Y, &c,

AS full blown poppies overcharg'd with rain
Decline the head, and sinking kifs the plain:
So sinks the Saint, his beauteous head deprest,
Beneath his pains AUGUSTUS sinks to rest.
In the blue heavens now he takes his seat
And humbly worships at IMMANUEL's feet.
The waiting Seraphs of th' almighty King
At his arrival loud hosannas sing:
His glorious Master for his priestly care
Gives him a crown— "This prize for ever wear;
Wear it, when time, when years are roll'd away,
Wear it, my Herald, thro' eternity:
Wear it, when sea shall be without a shore:
Wear it, when suns shall rise and set no more."

O blest estate that now the Saint is in
 Stranger to pain, and more estrang'd to sin :
 His soul's now melting at his SAVIOUR'S love
 And joins to praise him with the host above :
 With them he lives, with them he tunes his song,
 Harmonious themes employ the Seraph's tongue:
 Not Gabriel's self can loftier anthems raise
 To higher notes, to give the SAVIOUR praise.
 How great the loss to mortals cloth'd in clay
 When he from earth to heav'n was snatch'd away !
 How sweet the words that from his lips did flow
 When free salvation he proclaim'd below !
 In which lov'd task he great enjoyment found,
 Sweet to his soul was the harmonious sound.
 To him it was a most divine delight,
 To point lost sinners to the land of light :
 To wean them from the things of time and sense,
 And heav'nly blessings to their souls dispense.
 Jesus, to scourge a world in vice inhum'd
 Has took the spirit, and the clay entomb'd :
 Cloth'd him in garments of a lovely white
 That charms the soul and captivates the sight.
 No eastern Monarch on his princely throne
 Howe'er array'd could put such glories on :
 In this fair dress he near his SAVIOUR stands
 And joins in chorus with th' angelic bands.

Look you around how fast his Heralds fly
 By his command up to their native sky:
 They only live for such as do approve
 The matchless grace of God's unchanging love.
 'Tis all in vain on men they spend their breath
 Who walk the paths of everlasting death,
 Fond to enjoy what never long can last,
 Yet know they'll rue it when the pleasure's past.
 Not all the warnings that a friend can give
 Can make these madmen love their souls and live.

Thou happy saint, how soon thy work was done!
 How short the course thou hadst on earth to run!
 Few were thy years, which thou didst well employ
 To reach the summit of eternal joy.
 This world to thee, AUGUSTUS, was no more
 Than a small atom cast upon the shore;
 Thy ev'ry sermon prov'd to sinful man
 How short and narrow is our mortal span:
 And to convince us of the awful truth
 Thy early exit gave a fuller proof.
 God never gave his Church a surer guide
 Than thee to lead lost sinners to his side:
 A great physician to the wounded heart,
 To whom he did peculiar gifts impart.
 Great were his labours in the Gospel cause,
 Friend to the church, her doctrines and her laws:

Whene'er engag'd with vain mistaken men
 Vers'd in each science, matchless was his pen ;
 Without effect they labour'd to deface
 GOD'S FIXED love, ELECTION, and FREE Grace,
 Expung'd those tares adverse to all that's good,
 " Man his own SAVIOUR, not redeeming blood."
 Tho' death has snatch'd the Champion far away
 No more to combat with his fellow clay,
 FREE Grace shall reign while JESUS reigns above
 Nor all the powers of hell its throne remove.

* Ye proud *Arminians*, fond of deeds and works,
 About whose mind the love of sin yet lurks,
 Look to your hearts, examine if they're pure
 From every blemish, and from sin secure.
 Ye *perfect bands*, where nature lives no more,
 Where passion's dead, and heal'd is ev'ry sore :
 Deal with the world without a speck or stain,
 And in your breast all carnal thoughts are slain,
 Whose hearts no other motion know but love,
 That nought on earth the *demi-god* can move.
 And such as hold the will is yet their own,
 That still keep *self* on its *all-pow'rful* throne :
 That as the windmill's turned by the wind
 You have the pow'r as oft to change your mind ;
 To fly from sin whene'er the humour take
 And ev'ry evil, lustful thought forsake.

You are all heav'n thro' one revolving day,
 But ere next morn again you're Satan's prey.
 To you that think your better *works* will save
 Both soul and body when beyond the grave,
 Where are your *merits* worth a SAVIOUR's love
 That can from you the gen'ral curse remove?
 Is not your heart, your rebel heart within
 A foe to virtue, and a friend to sin*?
 Soon as first form'd your very shape was vile,
 Your infant breast was fill'd with sin and guile:
 Ere you could speak how oft did passion burn,
 And shew'd itself at every little turn:
 So as in stature and in years you grew,
 These sinful passions still increas'd with you:
 To stem which streams cost precious drops of
 blood;
 Streams that flow'd freely from a dying God.
 Did you its influence in your minds partake:
 The sacrifice would ev'ry feeling wake:
 Would give such views of JESUS' pard'ning love
 Your hearts from heav'n would no longer rove.
 Nor all the works that you have done on earth
 Like these would set his brighter glories forth.
 ELECTING love can only give you this,
 Whose sure protection guides to endless bliss:
 Without its aid you ne'er can be forgiv'n,
 Nor get admittance to the courts of heav'n.

* The two abovementioned lines are taken from part of a Work of the Authors, now printing.

And such as hold that doctrine truly vain
 That to *perfection* they can here attain;
 That nature can from stubborn hearts be driv'n
 While cloth'd in clay and far remote from heav'n.

O dread mistake! how fatal to the soul
 That rests secure where'er such fancies roll:
 Here Satan does his impious empire build
 And thousands have against the rock been kill'd.
 Great God! whatever dang'rous banks or shelves
 We run against, O keep us from ourselves:
 Thus we run heedless in a per'lous road
 Becoming strangers to a pard'ning God.
 Seeking relief, alas! they know not where;
 A sinking refuge bord'ring on despair.
 Of all presumptions none with this can vie,
 In its conceit, in peace you live and die:
 'Tis to the soul a dire lethargic state,
 That's ne'er convinc'd until in death it wake.
 In ev'ry shape 'tis odious to that God
 Who shed for us his dear redeeming blood.
 Could we but rule and guide ourselves aright
 We should be precious in his lovely sight;
 CHRIST had no need to leave the starry sky
 To rescue rebels that were doom'd to die;
 But still retain'd his glorious seat above
 And spar'd profusion of excessive love.

While health permitted still we might have trod,
 The paths of vice and been estrang'd to God,
 Till sickness threaten and grim death's in view
 Still ev'ry practis'd sin we might pursue,
 Till dying pains should seize our guilty breast :
 Then cry, " Forgive," and sink to endless rest.

Ah ! no, if death thus close its grating door,
 And passing bells proclaim, we are no more ;
 In this sad state, O mournful 'tis to tell,
 Unpleasing truth ! such souls must wake in hell.
 Almighty King ! give thou us eyes to see
 We have no hope save that we place in thee :
 We see no pleasure, and enjoy no good
 Till we partake of JESU'S cleansing blood :
 Till true religion animates the mind,
 All short of which but leaves a sting behind.

Such were the virtues of the man I sing,
 A faithful servant of his God and King :
 The heav'n-born Saint that's rais'd above the sky
 Upon the SAVIOUR'S merits did rely :
 Well knew that not the noblest works on earth
 Together join'd, could give him heav'nly birth.
 FREE GRACE alone can make the act compleat,
 Lay man submissive at his Maker's feet.

The work is his, in it we have no share;
 The work to accomplish, he disdain'd to spare
 His better life and dearer vital blood
 To reconcile lost sinners to their God.

Ye happy souls, ye fav'rites of the Lord,
 That from AUGUSTUS heard the Gospel word:
 Tho' from time, from you, he's snatch'd away,
 To his instructions due attention pay;
 The summer's gone, yet still its fruits are here,
 Prize it as rubies, all its sweets revere.
 Peruse them often in your secret hours,
 And to your souls they'll be refreshing show'rs.
 They're fraught with blessings of peculiar kind,
 To heal diseases of the drooping mind:
 To lead to God, to lead to joys on high,
 Teach you to live, and shew you how to die.
 Ye weak in grace, who're apt to turn aside,
 Look on your Pastor how he liv'd and dy'd.
 No more let sin, nor all its pow'rs deceive,
 Your souls are safe as long as you believe:
 Hold fast the faith, and you he'll ne'er forsake,
 A slender reed your God will never break.
 See great AUGUSTUS triumphing in death,
 Sealing the doctrines with his dying breath.
 In loudest praises long as he could speak
 He often did the nightly silence break:

"O my kind JESUS thou art yet my stay,
 My joy by night, my ev'ry bliss by day :
 Thro' ev'ry hour in mercy dost impart
 Thy love divine to warm my dying heart.
 O send the summons, take me unto thee,
 And waft my spirit to eternity."
 On death he looked as a partial friend,
 And blest'd the means that pointed to his end.

And shall a faint, a faint of such renown,
 Steal from the world, and seize a heav'nly crown,
 And not a voice to say, "The Herald's fled,"
 But all in silence weep AUGUSTUS dead?
 No, the sad news shall reach all mortal ears,
 Nor be forgotten in an age of years :
 Ages unborn shall thy sad loss deplore,
 And mourn that fam'd AUGUSTUS is no more.
 Where's now the man, the phoenix of the age,
 T' unfold the glories of the Gospel page?
 Alas! he's gone to dwell in worlds above,
 And sing the triumphs of redeeming love.
 Well may the Church in sable weeds be dress'd,
 And ev'ry thought of comfort now detest;
 Since he no more can grace her sacred aisle,
 Who lov'd the deeds of darkness to despoil :
 Whose soft-ton'd voice so grateful to the ear,
 In soothing accents we no longer hear.

FREE GRACE! SALVATION! he did sound aloud
In *Zion's* courts, unto the list'ning croud;
Till dire disease had prey'd upon his lungs
His pen did silence all calumnious tongues:
But all is finish'd, all his work is done,
The Herald's called to his heav'nly home.
I feel the fact, and mourn our safety's guide
Our clear conductor to the SAVIOUR's side.
Could not th' accomplishments that learning
gave
Join all their pow'rs thy valu'd life to save
From the dark dungeon of the mould'ring grave?
Nor all th' angelic graces that combin'd
The noble virtues of thy godlike mind:
But ere his age life's summit did attain,
Death with its dart the valu'd Saint has slain.
GOD took his life, a better one to give;
'Tis true he dy'd, but yet he dy'd to live.
Not ease, nor worldly riches were his aim;
His spirit kindled with seraphic flame
To preach the tidings of redeeming blood,
And lead lost sinners to a pard'ning God.
Thro' ALBION'S ISLE the Gospel news he spread
And wand'ring sinners unto JESUS led:
Taught them to love, to bless his grace divine,
His word revere, and reverence each line:

From holy scripture pointed out the way
 That men should walk in, and their God obey :
 In tender pity first he strove to raise
 Their thoughts on high, to give the SAVIOR praise.
 Us'd all the pow'rs of reason to allure
 Their souls to God, and plead at mercy's door.
 Next *Sinai's* trump in dreadful accents sounds,
 Whose awful curse the guilty conscience wounds :
 Its roaring thunders, and its vengeful flame,
 He knew to point, and at whom to aim,
 Until the guilty he had wak'd to know,
 And see themselves ingulph'd in endless woe.
 In vain till then the Gospel arrow flies,
 Ere't reach the heart, it languishes and dies.
 Then sad despair disturbs the guilty breast,
 And sense of sin forbids the soul to rest :
 But ere it sink, he did the balm impart,
 And rais'd the spirits of the broken heart :
 Unveils the blessings of a SAVIOUR's love,
 And from the mind each dread sensation move.
 Then he was mild, was gentle and serene,
 And led them on to love the heav'nly theme :
 Their faith t' establish in the Christian race,
 And to adore the works of sov'reign grace :
 To set the glories of our God in view,
 And bid us hence its peaceful paths pursue.

When he did speak of CHRIST's incarnate love,
 His Death, his Passion, or his Suff'rings prove,
 Each hearer melted at the dismal tale
 And all around his agonies bewail.

“ For you he suffer'd, 'twas for you he dy'd,
 For you his blood gush'd from his wounded side.
 Yea more ! your sins, and cursed unbelief,
 Were the sole causes of your SAVIOUR's grief;
 Yet for your souls the dreadful curse he bore,
 For you, the nails his sacred hands have tore.
 Look at his cross, and drop a piteous tear,
 With joy exult your guilt was finish'd there.
 And can you still, still love those hated things,
 And crucify him daily with new sins ?
 Consider how he did your case bemoan,
 That every blessing cost his heart a groan.
 Consider too, he left his heav'nly seat,
 To wash you clean, and make your blis complete.
 Ye sons of men, your thankful voices raise,
 Let ev'ry thought, and ev'ry word be praise.
 Sing how he conquer'd death your fatal foe
 Sing how he's chain'd the pow'rs of hell below :
 Sing how he triumph'd o'er the irksome grave,
 When for lost man his precious life he gave.
 Sing how he rose up to his Father's throne :
 Sing of the glories of the great THREE ONE :

Sing how he reigns with GOD enthron'd on high,
 Sing how he pleads for sinners doom'd to die :
 Sing how he rescues, at their parting breath,
 Returning rebels from eternal death.
 Tho' your crimes be red as crimson die
 If on his merits *only*, you rely,
 If he's your rock, your refuge and your tow'r,
 His grace will save in ev'ry trying hour.
 Almighty Sov'reign of the spacious earth
 O deign to send thy pard'ning mercies forth ;
 Stop the vile sinner in his mad career,
 Enur'd to vice, no dangers know nor fear :
 The aged man with locks of whitest hue,
 That's old in sin, create his soul anew :
 His sun is setting never more to rise
 Till thou shalt waft him to the upper skies.
 Teach all mankind thy mercies, LORD, to sing,
 To hail thee their Deliv'rer and their King :
 Fix'd as a statue by the Artist's hand,
 Without thy aid unmoveable they stand :
 Thy friendly arm can turn their hearts from vice
 And stab the thought of ev'ry dark surmise.
 O save the guilty, spare their fleeting breath,
 And shew them mercy in the hour of death.

Now is the day, th' accepted day of grace ,
 Now beams bright mercy in the SAVIOUR's face.

O seek the joys, the heav'nly joys divine,
 Each individual call the blessing, "mine :"
 No other thought be hid within your breast,
 Than longing after this diviner rest :
 This glorious banquet kept by saints above,
 And hymn the praises of redeeming love :
 No other theme your voices should employ,
 Here fix the basis of your ev'ry joy :
 Nor change your state for gold or silver ore ;
 You should be God's, and God alone adore."

Such were the accents dwelt upon his tongue,
 Such were the stile in which he ever sung :
 Such to display his better health impair'd :
 These in defending, Death his life ensnar'd *.
 Adieu my Pastor, heav'nly Guide and Friend,
 These courteous names with thee are at an end :
 The man in whom I took so much delight,
 Alas ! for me, is banish'd from my sight,
 No more from him the sacred word I hear,
 But live to mourn AUGUSTUS' 'scutheon'd bier :
 Wou'd he had liv'd to grace another age,
 To have fill'd th' sequel of a longer page.
 While I the tidings of his death rehearse
 In plaintive moanings of elegiac verse ;

* The indefatigable labours and studies which Mr
 TOPLADY so closely pursued through the whole course of
 his life, as is the received opinion of his friends, was the
 cause of bringing on that fatal disorder which terminated
 in his death.

Grief that compels the starting tear to flow,
 Broods o'er the theme in silent dropping woe.
 What is the world, its joys, its greatest good,
 Now he is gone, that gave me heav'nly food?
 Ye wheels of time amend your tardy pace,
 And bring the day that ends my pilgrim race.

How fast the soul that's truly born of God,
 Is upwards tending to its blest'd abode.
 What's health or riches, utmost height of pow'r,
 But empty shadows of a fading hour?
 What's youth, with all its sensual sweets around,
 An empty bubble, and a fleeting sound?
 What riper years?—our misery to crown,
 When with its fithe death mows the aged down.
 Some glide more easy thro' this vale of tears,
 While sorrows fill the term of others' years.
 But at the best this life's a thorny way,
 Thro' which we travel to eternal day.
 O heav'nly Pilot waft me to yon shore
 Where pain and grief, and sorrow is no more.
 On that blest'd port I'll fix my longing eyes
 And hence be lost to all below the skies.

F I N I S.

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